

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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W. P. WALTON.

GEORGE O. BARNES
GOD IS LOVE And NOTHING ELSE

PRaise THE LORD.

HOUMA, LA., March 11, 1887.
DEAR INTERIOR.—The full moon, or something else has brought several days of showery weather, after the unclouded glory of the beautiful "spell" that welcomed us here. To-day the sun is out in radiant splendor again. Last night was threatening after a day of down-pour; that "Uncle Billy," our wooden-legged, colored sexton, stumped down, to advise that the lamps in the Hall should not be lighted. To which we assented, as it would have been sheer punishment, to drag a congregation out such a night—feasible as such a gathering might be in a well paved and well lighted town or city—to neither of which characteristics, Hounman can fairly lay claim.

The "Bunny South," which, in January, in Central Mississippi, we found to be a "delusion and a snare," is no longer a mockery. We have it in its attractive loveliness this morning. The orange trees, with their leaves of waxen green, have such a glint on them, from the slanting rays of the morning sun, that they seem to be laden with a crop of flashing gems. The live oaks have shed the old leaves, and are dressed in the tender spring garb of their beautiful species. The moss has just been picked from the boughs and lies in gray mows under each tree, yet with enough left on the limbs from the plucking, to make feathered pendant; without the smothering and sombre effect of the full drapery, when allowed to have its unchecked will of growth. Being a parasite unless, the moss is stripped occasionally, or regularly, from the poor saturated trees, they are greatly injured and, in time, even destroyed. The orange tree is as common as the apple tree with us, and grows to a real tree's proportions—not the shrub we nurse in our green houses. The fig abounds, everywhere, and of varied kinds—the most delicate being the *colest*, smallest but sweetest of them all. The *magnolia fuscata*—with its heavy inauspiciousness of fragrant odor is now in full bloom. It is the *calico* thus of the South—broad and flower alike in shape—only the chocolate brown of the latter is replaced by the pure white of the former. The *magnolia grandiflora*, with its superb bloom, as everyone knows, is a stately forest tree—the pride of these latitudes, from Eastern Florida to Texas.

What a charming luxury it is to rise with the sun, and stroll as I daily do, before breakfast, up and down the plank walk between the house and the front gate; under the umbrageous live oaks (king, with undisputed title, of all the Southern trees); breathing the delicious morning air; listening to the songs of birds, that fill the air with varied harmonies; and taking a romp in turn, with "Frank"—our fine "Lewellyn" Setter—registered, blue-blooded, affectionate, and unequalled as a watchman at night, or a hunter, of unerring scent, a field. There is no end of the birds here—as of game, of nearly every kind you can call for. "Frank," during these warm spring days, being of an irreproachable active turn, and full of his strange interest for hunting things that creep and fly, amuses himself by setting endless butterflies. Whether he takes them for some diminutive game bird, or stalks them to keep his nose in good practice, or for some other occult canine reason, we can not know; but all day long he dogs (literally) these unconscious flower-bitten, and when, after standing, statue-like, on three legs, in the orthodox position, till something flushes his game, he will nose away at the spot from which they have flown, with as much diligence as if a covey of partridges had occupied it. When weariness overtakes him at this, he will curl up on the verandah and hunt, in dreamland, for a change.

I was quite interested to learn that La Fitte, the old-free booter, infested these bayous in Terre Bonne, running up Grand Caillou bayou, especially, to unload his plundered cargo. A pirate, of course, is a boy's model, under the stimulus of the charming literature that was in vogue, when I was young; and I could never think of one of this class of cut-throats, in any other connection, than as a dashing fellow with beard of curling jet; a rolling collar of spotless white, with a black tie in a sailor's knot; a cutlass jeweled; red silk sash; Turkish slippers; commanding a rakish schooner with apocryphal calling qualities—"bounding with slanting keels over the blue water; and the loveliest of women, waiting for his return, in the cave of wonder, where his stored up wealth was littering his boudoir, in the shape of costly brocades and bric a brac interspersed with diamonds, emeralds, and pearls.

The grimy, bloodstained, powder-blackened

scoundrels—everyone deserving a thousand hatters—refused to materialize to me, thoroughly in sympathy with the hardened rascal, in pursuit of a heavily laden Spanish galleon," from which, after "deposing" of its defenders, according to the pirate code, he was to get more loyally "haling" to adorn his beautiful bride's boudoir. How the devil does eliseus the children! He knows where to make lasting impressions, and how little do parents seem to care what their children read! To this day—as irreconcilable are the lessons of childhood—Dick Turpin and Black Bess, Robin Hood and his "merry men," Bob Roy, Jack Sheppard, Paul Clifford, Capt. Kydd, La Fitte, et al genus omne are invested with a glamour of romance that quite hides away their real characters. Most attractive villains, every one, and will be I suppose.

The "lay of the land" in these parishes that fringe our great country to the south, is quite uniform. Nearest the gulf innumerable shallow bays, guarded from the ocean surf by a necklace of low-lying, narrow islands or barren reefs, and a very paradise of oysters and fish. Then the "floating prairie," already described, skirting the salt water bays, and buoyed up by fresh or brackish water; then the *terras firma*, with its drainage of sluggish bayous, like the fingers of one's hand. Between these digests drain the beautiful sugar plantations—the position ever the same. First the water front upon the navigable bayous; then the broad belt of acreage, in cane cultivation; then the cypress swamp, with its stately timber trees—rivaling the most valuable of pine forests, in intrinsic worth. Bursting through this belt of cypress, you will come out upon the rear of other sugar plantations, facing, in their turn, another bayou; and so on to the ending of the chapter. The belts of cypress swamp are like the alleys between the city properties, facing on parallel streets and standing back to back.

(Concluded next issue.)

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

WHEREAS, the life of one of our members, Bro. Adam Carpenter, was on the night of the 11th inst., murderously taken from him near the hour of midnight, by an unknown assassin, calling him out of his house and from his bed of rest, and without warning or provocation, firing upon him with a gun heavily loaded with buckshot and thereby killing him immediately, and whereas the lives of all good citizens are rendered insecure by the occurrence of such events in our midst, it behooves all citizens, both white and colored, to unite their efforts for the suppression of such lawlessness, and the speedy arrest and punishment of the guilty, therefore be it

Resolved, 1st. That in the murderous assassination of Bro. Adam Carpenter, an irreparable wrong has been inflicted upon every good citizen in the community.

2nd. That this great crime demands the immediate and united efforts of every citizen for the arrest and punishment of the guilty.

3rd. That in the life and character of our deceased brother, we have conspicuously illustrated the virtues of integrity, industry, honesty, sobriety and brotherly kindness.

4th. That in the life and character of the deceased, we recognize one who was devoted to the interests of the Masonic principle, of which order he was a bright and leading member.

5th. That in his death an irreparable loss has been inflicted upon a most worthy family, a devoted wife and mother is robbed of her husband and five children deprived of father's widow and counsel.

6th. That this Lodge extend to the family of the deceased their sincere sympathy in this great trial and hereby assure them their sorrow is keenly experienced by our own hearts, in token of which we will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

7th. That a copy of these resolutions be furnished the family of the deceased, also a copy to the INTERIOR JOURNAL and DANVILLE ADVOCATE, with the request that they publish the same. Respectfully and fraternally submitted,

J. B. ADAMS,
J. B. GREEN,
SAM'L REED,
Com'tee.

The Spies Van Zandt marriage certificate has been declared invalid.

"I never had any sympathy," said Beecher, years ago, "with the Episcopal prayer, 'From sudden death deliver us.' When I go I pray that I may go swiftly, like a falling star; go in the midst of my usefulness, and not be chained in some living death, a burden to myself and the friends I love." One prayer at least of the great preacher seems to have been answered for his end was exactly as he had prayed for.

Drunkenness, or Liquor Habit, can be cured by administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific. It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea with the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the person be a drunkard, a drifter, a gambler, a hooligan, or a hoolie wrecker. Thousands of drunkards have been made temperate men who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effect results from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address in confidence GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 500 Main Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

LONDON, LAUREL COUNTY.

—Smoke "The Leader" cigar at J. & E. H. Hackney's.

—Who said the Winchester *Democrat* under the new management would be a Buckner organ, any way? (Bruce Camp, Ed.)

—The man of the monumental sign, John T. Hatcher, proprietor, is not only the best but the cheapest barber shop in the city.

—Transient as well as regular custom respectfully solicited and politely waited upon at the shop of the monumental sign, John T. Hatcher, proprietor, is not only the best but the cheapest barber shop in the city.

—London is now passing through a severe batter famine. The Jersey "Lilly," "Pink," "Star" or "Brinkle" would draw heavily here at the present writing!

—A movement is on foot to pike Main street so that it will be possible and possible to get to the depot and elsewhere about town that may be required. May the Lord prosper the "projec."

—Volume 1, Number 1, of the *Jellico News* graces our table. It is like as most infants and snarks loudly of Dr. F. E. G. Lindsey, whom Col. S. M. B. doubtless remembers.

—The recently organized lodge at this place of Knights of Honor, is enjoying a boom, since all things must boom. We are informed, "believe and so charge," that ten petitions for membership will go in at our next meeting.

—Our enterprising barber, Mr. John T. Hatcher, has had a beautiful new sign painted in almost all the colors of the rainbow, which now pilots the stranger to the chair from whence no man ever departs dissatisfied.

—John T. Hatcher's stand, one door south of the Riley Hotel, is the place to get a good, easy shave and a fashionable haircut. This excellent barber makes few pretensions, but thoroughly understands his business.

—A traveler hired a horse from the livery stable of W. H. Jackson & Co., the other day, and rode him to Manchester, a distance of 24 miles, over the meanest mud road in the State, within four hours. The horse will die and the traveler will be loser \$100.

—W. H. Williams, recently of Barberville, is home again. Mrs. Lucy J. Williams, who has been in Louisville for some weeks, has returned home. Supervisor J. A. Smith, who has been transferred to the main L & N. line, with headquarters at Elizabethtown, will move his family there in a few days. Mr. Smith and family during their stay among us have won many friends and all regret the necessity of the change, while rejoicing in Mr. Smith's good fortune.

HUSTONVILLE, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—N. D. Snow was thrown violently from a frightened horse on the street Saturday afternoon. He was unconscious when taken up and when partially restored gave evidence of a severe concussion of the brain. He was taken home in a buggy in the evening and is reported as suffering intensely.

—The sudden and violent death of Adam Carpenter created a sensation unparalleled in our part of the county. The character of the deceased, the suddenness of the call, the mystery in which the act was veiled, all conspire to give it a startling interest. But as investigation progressed amazement was changed to horror, and sympathy gave place to censure. I have been handed me for publication the enclosed action of the lodge, the propriety of which at this juncture (in view of the peculiarity of the case) I deem somewhat questionable. We should be careful not to add a feather to the weight that is already crushing burdened souls to death, nor to increase by a single pang an agony which is already不堪.

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Stanford, Ky., March 18, 1887

W. P. WALTON.

THE year of our Lord, 1887, will go down to history as remarkable for its railroad accidents resulting in great loss of life. To the list so far made another was added Monday, fully as terrible as its predecessors. A suburban train, loaded with persons who worked in Boston, broke through a dry bridge, seven miles from there, and was dashed to the earth 40 feet below, carrying death and destruction with it. The number killed outright is stated at 32, while 114 were wounded, many of whom will die. The scenes at the wreck rival those of the White River catastrophe save that fire did not add to the horror of the accident and the recital of them almost freezes the blood with terror.

THE report that that old Mugwump, Secretary of the War Endicott, who was discovered by Cleveland and shamed on an unwilling country, had resigned, caused a ripple of joy in the hearts of the "boys in the trenches," but it turned out to be untrue, the mord's the pit. Endicott is one of those incapable, impracticable aristocrats, who has surrounded himself with all the pomp and splendor of a great potentate, and has retained the respect of office to the disgust of every democrat, who voted at the polls to turn them out. Endicott will not resign, but Cleveland owes it to those who elected him to give him his walking papers.

THE right kind of an old prohibitionist is the Sultan of Morocco. He has prohibited the sale or purchase of intoxicants of all kinds and abolished by order the use of tobacco. A great quantity of the latter was publicly burned at his command and several Moors have been stripped and flogged through the streets for smoking in defiance of the order. When the prohibitionists get on top in this country, and they seem to be ascending that way, they ought to pass a law making it punishable with stripes also to buy or sell any kind of intoxicants.

THE Masonic order is very strict in its requirements as to the moral standing of those who seek membership in it and especially requires that applications shall lie over a month so that the candidate can be fully investigated. Prudence Lodge in New York observed neither of these rules, but initiated on the same night that they were proposed, a murderer and a divorcee; on learning which, the Grand Lodge declared its charter forfeited and expelled each member engaged in the dishonorable and unmasonic conduct.

GOV. LEE, in his message to the Virginia Legislature, which he convened in extra session Wednesday, recommends the appointment of a commission on the part of the State to meet a similar commission on the part of the bondholders, the object being a true presentation of the revenues and resources of the State. Won't we never hear the end of this tiresome question? If the debt is honest, it should be paid and that's an end o'nt.

A HARRIS paper is mean enough to say that the speech of Gen. Buckner, purporting to have been delivered at Burlington, which was published in full in the *Courier-Journal* and is now being industriously scattered over the State in pamphlet form, was written by Col. E. Polk Johnson. Not knowing we would not like to say, but we do say and say it boldly at that, that it is a duced good thing no matter who indited it.

WHEN not hunting up something to find fault with in the public record of Senator Harris, Capt. Wallace Gruelle, of the *Grayson News*, devotes his time to writing sermons. In his issue of last week he has made a production on the subject of God's Love as Bro. Barnes himself could preach from his favorite text.

DON'T you give up old Cash Clay yet. He made a speech at Irvine Monday and at its close the vote of the county of Estill was instructed for him, though they do say that as many democrats as republicans took a hand in the meeting. This is the first instruction that the old general has received and is in all probability the last.

EX-SENATOR JOE McDONALD says that the Interstate Commerce bill will do more harm than good, but that he is willing that his son shall help do it. He would not have the place himself as he knows no more about railroads than a hog does about holiday, but his boy has made a study of the business.

A NEW YORK woman put off baying the whooping cough till she was 91 years old and then she whooped herself to death. We have always advised that such things be attended to in youth, and if the old lady had have followed the advice she might have lived to be a centenarian.

M. C. LYSLE has mounted the tripod of the Winchester *Democrat* and announces that he is for Simon Bolivar Buckner first, last and all the time. The late owner, Mr. D. C. Lysle, was an equally as warm Harrison man.

THE Jellico, Tenn., *News*, James Stillman, editor, and T. S. Hutchison, manager, is the latest venture in journalism. It was gotten out under many difficulties, but is a very creditable sheet in every respect.

SENATOR BECK can by no means read his title clear to his seat in Congress. Dr. Standiford's admirable letter is being discussed all over the State and his stock is quoted higher each day.

THE travesty on justice enacted by the average jury has another forcible example in the case of Comer tried for the murder of a convict, by beating him to death. The trial was in Georgetown, whither the case had been taken from Fayette and the jury found that the prisoner should go to jail six months and pay a fine of \$1,000. This would be ridiculous if it was not such a serious matter. Either Comer is guilty and deserves a severe sentence or he ought to have been cleared entirely.

IF half the stories told about Secretary Manning's inexperience in office are true he did not step down and out a minute too soon. We hope, however, that the statement that he and President Cleveland had an open rupture and that he has retired from the Cabinet determined to get even with the administration, is not true. Though a much overrated man, Manning is a politician all over and yields quite an influence in New York State.

MIKE KEELIN, the Louisville wife murderer, who got a new trial through the kindness of that friend to criminals, the Court of Appeals, because the word feloniously did not appear in the indictment, is again on trial, with the word feloniously properly inserted. If the Court of Appeals continues to split hairs in its search for technicalities, it will soon climax the growing contempt felt for it.

CONFlicting reports come from Pennsylvania about the probable gerrymander of Randall's district. It is very safe, however, to state that he will not be cut out. The republicans are not likely to give up a man who is worth more to them than any score of their own members in Congress.

IN his Lexington speech the other day, Senator Harris stated emphatically that the man or set of men who charge that he is not a democrat from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, is a liar and the truth is not in him. "Arise my Harris."

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Twenty-three firms at Oxford, N. C., were burned out; loss \$100,000.

—There is a probability that Georgetown College will be moved to Louisville.

—The Government has opened at Boston its suit against the Bell Telephone Company.

—Judge Richards claims that he has the nomination for attorney general in a sling.

—A guard has been placed over the remains of Beecher to prevent them being stolen.

—The new fast mail train from New York arrived at Kansas City a minute ahead of time on its first trip.

—There are in the State 82,35 miles of turnpike in which the State owns stock to the amount of \$2,517,455.38.

—Col. Heselrigg, of Morgan county, has added his name to the army of men who want to be lieutenant governor.

—The Louisville and Nashville will build this year 134 miles of new railroad, of which 104 miles will be in Kentucky.

—C. P. Atmore, general passenger agent of the L. & N., has been elected president of the National Association of such agents.

—An engine on the Marietta Mineral road jumped from a high trestle, killing two and fearfully injuring three other persons.

—At Morehead, Rowan county, in a street bant, John Trumbo drew a revolver and pulling the trigger shot J. N. Witcher dead.

—Isaac H. Vincent, Alabama's defaulting Treasurer, was captured at El Paso, Texas. He skipped with over \$200,000 in 1885.

—William Paxton, of Lancaster county, S. C., a Mexican war veteran, hanged himself because he despaired of ever getting a pension.

—At Edgefield, S. C., 31 persons are on trial for having hung a man named Hammond, who was charged with alienating the affections of a married lady from her husband.

—Jose Sevilla, of Lima, Peru, has left \$500,000 for the establishment in New York of an institution for the education of poor girls.

—The Czar and Czarina escaped an attempt on their lives by Nihilists with dynamite bombs. The leader in the plot has been arrested.

—The Governor of Tennessee has signed the bill providing for the submission of a prohibitory constitutional amendment to a vote of the people.

—Harry S. Wescott, night clerk at the Walnut-street House, Cincinnati, has skipped with a considerable amount of funds of the hotel and its guests.

—The army of the Cumberland will hold its eighteenth annual reunion in Washington on May 11 and 12. The great statue of Garfield will be unveiled at that time.

—George S. Crawford, lumber dealer, Cincinnati, failed for \$100,000. S. W. & W. G. Boyd, in the same line of business in the same city, also failed for \$60,000.

—The trial of United States Commissioner Logan, at Somerset, charged with the murder of Deputy Marshal Bogie, on October 15th last, resulted in the acquittal of the accused.

—Albert Parr, a 16 year-old Wall street messenger boy decamped with nearly \$30,000 of his employer's cash and checks, and started to realize his ambition of becoming a tramp. His career was cut short by arrest.

—Wesley Hocker, son of a former large dry goods merchant of Lexington, is charged with going to the house of a Mrs. Oldham, in Fayette, and being refused permission to stay all night pounced upon a son of the lady and also gave her a blow or two.

—A burglar being cornered in a house in Brooklyn, shot the owner dead and made his escape.

—Jefferson Davis denies that he is about to visit Washington. He says he will never see the Capital again.

—Lord Commissioner Sparks denies most emphatically that he has been writing letters favoring the nomination of Hill and Sparks for President and Vice President in 1888.

—The submission to the people of a proposed Prohibition constitutional amendment was defeated in the lower house of the Illinois Legislature. The body is overwhelmingly republican.

—Owing to an inadequate clerical force in the Pension Office it is said that it will be impossible to take up, for perhaps a year yet, the cases of those entitled to bounties under the recent Mexican pension appropriation. Under the law the appropriation is only available until June 30, 1888.

—The stockholders of the Kentucky Central Railroad had their annual election Wednesday at the office in Covington. The election resulted in the choice of C. P. Huntington, Geo. Elise, M. E. Ingalls, E. H. Pendleton, Samuel Thomas, C. S. Brice and Gen. John Eckola to serve as directors for the ensuing year.

—The Boston street car strike has resulted disastrously to the men, as all the recent strikes have done. The men surrendered without gaining any of the concessions they asked; their places have already been taken by other men; they have lost nearly two months' wage, and many of their number are in prison for assault.

—CRAB ORCHARD, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—Danger signal strap posts of a new and improved pattern are being placed at the approaches of the tunnels and bridges along the railroad through the mountains.

—Uncle Jonas Brown, the great knife swapper, is visiting Pine Hill for a few days. He has been blind for many years and says knife trading is his best pastime.

—James P. Taylor, of Scafford Cave, is sick and very delirious at Judge Lair's, near town, with brain troubles. Cal Payne is very low and not expected to recover.

—Mrs. John Parsons, who has been sick for some time, is recovering.

—We have just learned of the marriage of two children near the Rockcastle and Jackson county line. The boy was aged 15 and the girl 13. They had the consent of their respective parents and started out with the best wishes of friends for their future happiness or misery.

—An alarm of fire was given at half past twelve, from the furniture factory, Wednesday. The roof was discovered to be in flames. By prompt work of the local bucket brigades the fire was soon extinguished. Thanks are due the citizens for their prompt answer to the alarm and call for help.

—What would have proved a disastrous fire was happily averted by the presence of mind of our wide-awake merchant, Will Davis, a few days since. A six year-old boy of a next door neighbor's set fire to a pile of straw used for a dog bed at the side of the storehouse of Davis & White and when discovered by Mr. Davis was in a fair way to fire the store-houses. By going to work with his naked hands and dragging away the straw and throwing dirt on the burning mass it was subdued and a large configuration was thereby prevented.

—Mt. Vernon is agitated without municipal government, four of the trustees having resigned at their last meeting. The cause assigned for it being the strong opposition they met from a number of citizens to a small tax that was proposed to be levied for the purpose of paying the town's expenses in way of keeping up the streets, &c. It is thought other trustees will be appointed within a few days and all will move again in the accustomed path of ease and quietude provided some member of the new board does not propose to levy a tax of some kind.

—W. B. Smith, of Garrard, was here Monday. The potato club had a called meeting Monday evening in honor of visiting brother, J. B. Fish. Nate Evans, Alfred Young and Seth Parries, piloted by C. F. Fox, Wallace, are fishing at the mouth of Skaggs Creek. Willis Adams, Jr., and wife went to Louisville Tuesday. W. E. Smith, of Pine Hill, is on the sick list. J. K. McClary, who has been confined to his room for some months, gets no better. Tommy Francisco, of Brodhead, handled the wires nights during Mr. Evans' absence. N. M. Shumate and wife are visiting relatives at Paint Lick. Mr. Mose Crawford is down with the measles. Joseph Pickles will move to the Joe Joplin place next week.

—I have just received and opened the largest and best selected stock of merchandise that has been brought to Mt. Vernon for some years. A splendid line of dry goods and notions and more than were ever had at one time at this place. A big stock of saddles, bridles and blankets. A good assortment of plows and other farming implements. A full supply of hardware, stoves and tinware kept in stock. Clocks, watches and jewelry can be found in abundance in my house. Lots of staple groceries. 16 pounds (full weight) best C sugar for \$1 and 14 pounds best granulated for same price. All of this big stock to which I am adding daily will be sold at the lowest possible prices. Come in, bring your friends get good bargains go home happy and carry the good news to your neighbors. Your friend for best goods and low prices, F. L. Thompson.

—A writer in the *Journal* and the owner of a Shetland pony are having a discussion as to the propriety of allowing the animal to graze in our beautiful park, which surrounds the engine house. Will they turn the rascal out?

—There is a well defined rumor afloat to the effect that Mr. M. D. Hughes, late editor of the *News*, will shortly begin the publication of a weekly democratic paper near Lancaster. The *Suburban News* will likely be the name that will float from the masthead of the new sheet.

—One of our young men who is yet at a precocious age approached me the other day and producing an official looking document from his pocket said: "I am getting up a club of 25 boys to obtain 25 copies of Beadle's half-dime library. Each member pays 25 cents and is allowed to read any or all of the 25 books." Said I. "My young friend you must excuse me as I know of no work I choose to read published in the library you mention." "Surely," said he, "you can not have perused 'Deadwood Dick on Deck,' or 'Calamity Jane, the Heroine of Dakota?'" I was compelled to admit that I had not, which confession I could plainly see lowered me considerably in the estimation of the young man, who no longer thought me a fit candidate for his reading circle. He had already obtained some 20 or 21 names composed chiefly of young boys.

—A Kicking Tax-Payer.

[To the Editor of the *Interior Journal*:

MT. VERNON, March 17.—At the late session of the Kentucky Legislature, an act was passed authorizing the Rockcastle county court to issue the bonds of the

county to an amount not exceeding \$8,000

for the purpose of building a jail and jailer's residence, and at the October term of the county court a committee was appointed to visit the jails at London and Williamsburg and ascertain the plans, cost of building, &c. That committee was instructed to report at a special term, I think in January, 1887. At any rate this court met and appointed M. J. Miller, M. J. Cook and H. H. Baker as a building committee to let out the work, &c. This committee has gone ahead and privately let out the contract to J. W. Mullins, of Laurel county. I am not objecting to the man who secured the contract, because he comes to us well recommended as a builder. But I am objecting to this way of letting out a contract for the erection of a public building privately. And another thing, the people ought to know what their jail is to cost. One of the members of the committee when asked what the contract was let at replied: "We have agreed to keep the price a secret for a few days." What do the tax payers of Rockcastle county say to this way of doing business? And besides all this perhaps some citizens of our county might want to have a chance to make a few dollars out of the job. I know of at least two parties, both good, reliable men, who wanted to put in bids for the work. And behold their consternation when they began to make inquiries in reference to the time for putting in bids, to find that the whole job had been fixed up privately. I, as a tax payer of Rockcastle county, demand that the committee explain their actions. The people have a right to know and a few of them are determined to find out how "these things are."

TAX PAYER.

CRAB ORCHARD, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—The services will be conducted at the Baptist church next Sunday by Rev. J. R. James, of Somerset.

—Mrs. Kate Egbert has been confined to her bed for several days, but is now able to be up. Mr. Will Kennedy's little son, Higgins, is sick also.

—Mr. A. M. Egbert is now prepared to take pictures of all kinds and sizes. Mrs. E. W. Jones has brought on a new supply of millinery and notions.

—Miss Louisa James has completed a very large and beautiful oil painting representing a ship on the ocean during a terrible storm. The representation is perfect and looks as if it might have been painted from nature instead of a model. The waves are dashing furiously against the sides of the vessel, and as I gazed upon the scene I almost momentarily expected to see the ship dashed to pieces. It is an excellent specimen of art and Miss Lou ought to be proud of the talent that is hers.

—Mr. Scott Farris has rented a part of Mr. W. O. Hansford's house and moved thereto. Mrs. Sophia Carson has rented rooms in the German hotel and gone to housekeeping there. Mr. and Mrs. Joe Rhinehart are now cozily domiciled in their new home on Main street. Mrs. Anna Carson is visiting friends in Stanford. Rev. C. C. Green left this week for Texas. Mrs. Lucinda Stephenson has returned from Herodoburg, where she spent the winter. Miss Mary Gormley has gone to Cincinnati. Mr. Will Kennedy, Jr., from Garrard, is visiting Mr. W. F. Kennedy's family. Miss Alice Ward returned from Livingston Sunday, accompanied by Mr. Frank Clifford.

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GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

—Lancaster.

—Rev. John R. James will preach at the Baptist church in this place next Sunday.

—The Burnside farm containing 250 acres was sold Wednesday to John W. Poor at \$125 per acre.

—Senator John D. Harris, of Madison, will address the democrats at the Court-house Saturday afternoon.

—Miss Mamie Olds is visiting in Danville. Lt. Lucien Young, U. S. Navy, is visiting his mother, Mrs. Jane Young. Miss Fannie Haffman returned Wednesday from a protracted visit to her sister,

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Stanford, Ky., - - - March 18, 1887

E. C. WALTON. - Business Manager.

L. & N. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Mail train going North 2:10 P. M.
" " South 12:15 P. M.
Express train" North 1:14 A. M.
" " South 2:12 A. M.
The time is calculated on standard time. Solar
time about 20 minutes faster.

K. C. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Trains leave Rowland at 6 and 7:15 A. M.
Returning, arrive at 6 and 8:35 P. M.

LOCAL NOTICES.

LANDRETH's Garden Seed at Penny & McAlister's.

A full line of fishing tackle of all kinds at Penny & McAlister's.

Ask your grocer for the Cincinnati Baking Co.'s crackers and cakes.

WATCHES and Jewelry repaired on short notice and warranted by Penny & McAlister.

HUNTERS, ATTENTION.—Loaded cartridges, all sizes of shot, at Penny & McAlister's.

A complete stock of jewelry, latest style. Goldsmith watches a specialty. Penny & McAlister.

PERSONAL.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. C. SINE are in Louisville.

—Mr. W. H. MILLER went to Calmar in Tuesday.

—Mr. JOHN H. JONES has gone to Harrison county to ship cattle.

—Mrs. H. C. BURLEY, of Stanford, is with relatives here.—[Parkville, Ky.]

—Mr. B. C. WADDEK has been engaged for the prosecution in the Carpenter case.

—Mr. W. P. TATE and family have returned to Crab Orchard after a lengthy visit West.

—Capt. H. C. FARMER has not resigned as stated, but is still punching tickets for the K. C.

—Mr. A. G. HUFFMAN, of this office, has been confined to his bed for several days, but is improving.

—MOM. AND MRA. J. S. OWSLEY started to Nashville yesterday to visit their daughter, Mrs. W. R. Minter.

—Mrs. J. P. DAVIS has rented the cottage belonging to Mrs. Little Holmes and will move his family thither in few days.

—THE pamphlet sent out to boom Sterling, Kansas, contains a picture of the handsome residence of Dr. P. P. Trueheart, late of this place.

—An impromptu hop was given last Friday evening in honor of Miss Jean Buchanan, of Crab Orchard, who left for her home on Saturday.—[Richmond Herald].

—MRS. F. M. ANSLEY, of Elizabethtown, was with friends here this week. Her husband has recently sold his Birmingham property at a profit of \$6,000, after getting big rent for it for several years.

—IT was Dr. S. C. Parkinson and not Parker who is practicing medicine in the neighborhood of Bee Lick. Our types very frequently think they know better than we do about names, but they don't.

LOCAL MATTERS.

MALAGA Grapes at A. C. Alford's.

NICE large apples at S. S. Myers'.

FOR Queenware see T. R. Walton.

FURNITURE arriving daily. Mack Hoffman.

OUR shoe stock is complete and was never larger. Bruce & McRoberts.

LANDRETH's garden seed in bulk and papers, fresh and genuine, at McRoberts & Stiggs'.

A SNOW storm, which left reminders of its visit on house tops and other places, blew over us Wednesday night, climaxing the very chilly spell of a week's duration.

THE unusual spectacle in Stanford of snow on doors just opposite each other was presented here Tuesday. Death is indeed abroad in the county. In our neighboring town of Hustonville, we are told, a funeral procession passed through every day last week.

MACK HUFFMAN has opened up a very comprehensive furniture store in the Opera House block and in another column invites the trade of the public. He has purchased the finest hardware, he tells us, ever in this country, and intends to be fully prepared for the undertaker's business.

HON. ALEX. LUSK held forth to an audience of 20 at the Methodist church Tuesday night. His coming was unheralded so far as we know, but he took occasion, our reporter says, to go for the lawyers and editors for not attending the speakers of prohibition orator. So far as we are concerned we regard it as a waste of valuable time to hear the same old, song song over and over again. We know it by heart and besides individually we are enough of a prohibitionist to need no further argument on the subject.

THE people of Lincoln county, being thoroughly convinced that young Wallace Carpenter's assassination of his father was a murder done "feloniously," are very much inclined to take him from the jail, and "with malice aforethought," shut off his wind.—[Louisville Post]. There does not seem to be any desire to invoke the aid of Judge Lynch, though if there ever was a case that he might act, this seems to be the one. We heartily disprove of mob justice, however, and believe that the law should take its course. At the same time it strikes us also that a creature that could be guilty of an act so diabolical, deserves extermination even if his mind is not as bright as the brightest.

N. Y. Seed Potatoes at Metcalf & Foster's.

THE boys are organizing a big bicycle club.

If you want shingles do not fail to get our prices. Metcalf & Foster.

STILL more convincing proof has been discovered in the Carpenter case.

N. Y. EARLY ROSE, Peerless, Burbank and Hebron Irish Potatoes at T. R. Walton's.

THE New Orleans Minstrels are bearing down on us again and have written for a date early in April.

THE yeomanry ought to turn out hand somely to bear. Harris speak at the Court-House this afternoon.

THE good templars meet to night at Odd Fellows Hall and ask us to extend an invitation in everybody to come and be one of them.

GUY. McCREADY, knowing our skill as a gardener and desirous that we shall be supplied with the best seed, has kindly sent us a nice assortment.

THE regular exercises at the Female College, interrupted by the illness and death of the president's wife, will be resumed next Monday.

THE dwelling of Mr. John Buchanan, at Crab Orchard, caught fire the other night, but fortunately it was extinguished before great damage was done.

THE drug firm of Givens & Crow, at McKinnis, has dissolved. Mr. Crow bought his partner out and will continue the business in his own name. Mr. Givens will likely clerk for F. M. Ward.

THREE shots in rapid succession startled the town to some extent Tuesday till it was learned that Marshal Newland was practicing with his pistol on a troublesome dog which he finally dispatched.

A REPORT that Cleveland was dead was sent out over the wires Wednesday night, but Train Dispatcher Harris kindly allayed the anxiety by telegraphing and finding out that it was a silly canard.

THE Board of Equalization is in session at Frankfort and has notified Judge Varner that if there is any complaint as to the assessment of this county it should be presented at once. There is none that we have heard of.

THE Northwestern National, of Milwaukee, paid Mr. John W. Logan \$3,000 on his policy of \$3,500 on his house. This is \$200 less than the Carpenter's estimate of the loss, though the agent, Mr. W. A. Tribune, tells us that Mr. Logan is satisfied.

HO FOR THE SOUTH.—The agent of the L. & N. railroad is authorized to sell excursion tickets to principal points in Florida March 22 and 23 at one farce for the round trip. Tickets good for thirty days, allowing 10 days going. C. P. Atmore, G. P. A.

THE government has allowed the war claims of K. L. Tanner, surviving partner of Coffey & Tanner, for \$20; J. W. Griffin Garrard, \$33 50; Mrs. Kate McAlister, Crab Orchard, \$32; J. L. Powell, Boyle, \$495; W. L. Williams, Lincoln, \$75; and Margaret L. Clark, Boyle, \$117 50.

NEW FIRM.—Mr. Joe F. Waters sold yesterday a half interest in his stock of goods to Mr. J. P. Davis, late of the well-known known firm of Phillips, Davis & Co., of Monticello. Mr. Davis is brother of Mrs. R. Burnett, of this place, and has 10 years' experience in the mercantile trade, and is said to be a gentleman of fine business qualifications. Waters & Davis make a very strong firm and will no doubt add to the large trade of the old house.

THE contract to fit the Stanford Mill with new roller machinery has been awarded to Neddy, Morton & Co., of Indianapolis, for \$8,700. They are said to be the best firm of the kind in the country and their guarantee is that they shall put up the best and most approved machinery for making both flour and meal that has ever been placed in the State. They are to begin at once and have the mill in running order in 90 days. The contract for boring a well for a water supply is progressing favorably and the "witch" says it will be struck within 85 feet.

SINCE his incarceration here on the terrible charge of murdering his own father, in the most cowardly manner possible, Wallace Carpenter has passed his time playing cards with the prisoners and amusing himself as if nothing particular bothered his mind. He has written a number of letters, one a love epistle to the lady he wanted to marry and to which his father objected, both on account of his youth and the disparity in their ages. If guilty of the diabolical deed with which he is charged, and everything at present points conclusively to it, the demeanor of the boy shows that he is either a fond of the most degraded type or that his mind is insufficient to realize his awful situation. His examination will occur here to day, when a large crowd will no doubt be drawn hither.

MARRIAGES.

—Will Martin, of Casey, obtained license yesterday to marry Miss Mollie Holt.

—After being married 50 years John F. Wait, aged 70, was divorced from his wife, at Portsmouth, O. He was a Methodist and she a Baptist, which was the cause.

—A Pennsylvania magistrate, who lived just over the line from Ohio and West Virginia, married 3,500 runaway couples during his lifetime, which ended a few days ago.

DEATHS.

—The Richmond Herald reports the deaths of Talton Million and Ed Shanks.

—The little girl recently born to the wife of Mr. Thomas McRoberts died Tuesday.

—We never looked on a more beautiful corpse than that of sweet little Little Mc Kinney, as she lay in a robe of spotless white, so emblematic of her own pure life. A peaceful smile spread over her young face as if the poor body had caught the inspiration of the spirit as it nestled in the arms of a loving Jesus. It is hard, very hard for her loved ones to give her up, but if even their tears of anguish could bring her back to them, it would be cruel and selfish to tear her from her happy home with the angels in heaven. Then grieve not as those without hope for your loss is her eternal gain. The funeral services Tuesday were very largely attended and when the cloths closed forever from view the dear little form there was not a dry eye visible.

—After a long illness, Mrs. Paxton, wife of President Alex S. Paxton, of the Stanford Female College, breathed her last peacefully and calmly Monday night. Her disease was a chronic affection of the liver from which she suffered more or less for years. The deceased was a daughter of the late Dr. Nall, a noted evangelist of the Southern Presbyterian church, and was invited in marriage to Prof. Paxton in 1869, at Tuskegee, Ala. Besides a doting husband, four little children are left to mourn their irreparable loss, the youngest just a year old the day of her death. Mrs. Paxton was a highly accomplished lady, a true Christian, a loving help meet and during her short stay in our midst made many warm friends, who regret her death while yet in the prime of a useful life and unite in warmest sympathy for the bereaved. A short funeral discourse was delivered at the college Wednesday at 2 o'clock by Rev. A. B. Moffett, after which the remains were laid away in Buffalo Spring Cemetery.

RELIGIOUS.

—Brother Barnes left Homas for Franklin, St. Mary's Parish, La., yesterday.

—Rev. John M. Crow is holding a revival at the Bowling Green Methodist church which has resulted in 40 confessions.

—Ed. Williamson's meeting at Winchester grows in interest and results, 21 having united with the church to Tuesday night.

—Reya, Hughes and Vaughn, of the Methodist church, have won 70 souls to Christ by their Millersburg meeting.

—It is said that Ellison has preserved the voice of Beecher with his wonderful phonograph and that we may yet hear the old man's eloquence again.

—The presidency of Centre College seems to go a begging. Rev. W. C. Young has finally decided not to accept it, preferring to remain with church at Louisville.

—The Glasgow News says that Rev. S. C. Humphreys, who has just accepted a call from the Baptist church at Lancaster, is one of the best of men, an unostentatious Christian, a genial, generous, social gentleman, an able minister.

—According to the Methodist Year Book there are in the United States 27,000 traveling preachers, and 4,000,000 members, and a population of over 15,000,000, or more than one fourth of the population of the entire country—56,000,000.

—Rev. Joseph M. Evans, of Maysville, has just closed a meeting of two and a half weeks at Carrollton, with 84 additions to the various churches, 41 to the Presbyterian, 23 to the Methodist, 13 to the Baptist and 8 to the Christian.—[Paris Kentucky.

—LAW STOCK AND CROP.

—A No. 1 milk cow and young calf for sale. B. K. Weare.

—Capt. H. T. Bush sold to Crow & Lockett a yearling bull for \$45.

—We have 8 good work mules for sale. J. F. and B. G. Gover, Stanford.

—FOR SALE.—8 miles and 10 milk cows. W. W. and S. E. Owsley, Bright, Ky.

—FOR SALE.—A splendid milk cow and a young calf. Terms reasonable. R. E. Barrow, Stanford.

—One thousand bushels selected seed. Price as low as they can be bought anywhere. Weare & Menefee.

—The Interstate Commerce bill has caused the transcontinental railway lines at Chicago to advance rates 50 per cent.

—James Long, of near Georgetown, has sold 33 head of Petoskey's get in the last twelve months, at from \$300 to \$1,500 per head.

—Cattle are unchanged in Louisville and are quoted at 2 to 4 40; hogs are active and higher at 34 to 58%; no change in sheep and lambs.

—J. E. and J. R. Farris' Silver King, a finely bred natural saddle horse, is again offered to breeders. See pedigree and also that of Steve Walker, their fine jack.

—Tom Robinson is again in the field with his thoroughbred Vermont Hambletonian, whose lengthy pedigree is given in another column. He belongs to a speedy family.

—Dr. J. A. Williams bought of Silas Anderson his jack, Jack John, for his brother, H. L. Williams, at Mill Spring, Tenn., for \$325 and took him thither Wednesday.

—Wm. Fields, Jr., the trotting horse breeder of Danville, has bought the J. D. Mihurn farm, 141 acres, three miles out on the Newtown pike, at \$38 per acre.—[Lexington Press].

—King Ban, the sire of Ban Fox, died at Dixiana Wednesday. His owner, Major Thomas, had recently refused \$30,000 for him. Herr Wilkes, the property of Dr. Pryor, of Lexington, is also dead. He was valued at \$10,000.

—Northern Michigan is covered with 12 inches of snow.

DEALS IN.

\$25,000.00
IN GOLD!

WILL BE PAID FOR

ARBUCKLES' COFFEE WRAPPERS.

1 Premium, \$1,000.00
2 Premiums, \$500.00 each
6 Premiums, \$250.00 " "
25 Premiums, \$100.00 " "
100 Premiums, \$50.00 " "
200 Premiums, \$20.00 " "
1,000 Premiums, \$10.00 " "

For full particulars and directions see Circular in every pound of ARBUCKLES' COFFEE.

NEW

FURNITURE STORE!

Opposite Court-House

MACK HUFFMAN, Proprietor.

—

Will always have on hand a large and select line of Furniture and Undertaker's Goods.

My prices will be as low as such goods can be bought in the cities. Give me a trial and you will be convinced that I sell lower than the lowest.

SILVER KING



Will make the present season at my stable one from Stanford on the Stanford and Hustonville Turnpike.

At \$10 to Insure a Living Colt.

He is 4 years old, 16 hands high, a beautiful bay, with fine mane and tail and a perfect model and a natural saddle horse.

Bred by Hall's Denmark,

HER HOSPITALITY.

A BIT OF EXPERIENCE IN A ROCKY MOUNTAIN CABIN.

How a Hutterer in "Rude but Genuine Hospitality" Met with a Surprise—A Tall, Grim-faced Woman at the Back Door.

"These mountaineers are the most hospitable people on earth. It is rude but genuine hospitality. They would share their last loaf with a stranger within their gates. The latch string hangs out for all."

We were riding down a steep Rocky Mountain trail, my friend Clate and I, when Clate made the remarks quoted. He was an enthusiast over the noble traits of the honest miner and mountaineer. Certain experiences of my own had made me skeptical on the subject.

At the base of the mountain stood a little log cabin.

"Now," said Clate, "I'll prove my theory. It's past dinner time and we're both hungry as wolves. I'll wager anything you like that we'll get a good square meal at that cabin free of charge."

Five minutes later we stood before the closed door of the cabin.

"Hello!" roared Clate.

There was no reply.

This time Clate rapped loudly on the door. There being no response he lifted the latch, when the door swung open showing no one within, although the cabin was evidently being occupied.

"All right!" cried Clate, cheerily. "Come on in, Ned, and we'll forage 'round and see what we can find in the commissary. The folks won't care. They've left the door open for purpose for wayfarers like us to step in and help themselves. It's just like them. It's your westerner who knows what true hospitality is."

Clate "forged around" for some time, but all he could find was a piece of dry salt pork and a few potatoes.

A SUDDEN SURPRISE.

"We'll help ourselves to what there is," said Clate, cheerily. "You build a fire, Ned. We're welcome to what we've found, I'll bet on that, for—"

He stopped. A tall, lank, grim visaged woman, with a leathern looking face, suddenly appeared at a back door. She saw Clate, and yelled out:

"Drop them taters!"

"Why, madam, I—"

"You drop them taters!"

"We are strangers, you see, madam, and—"

"Drop 'em."

A short gun hung on the wall. She snatched it down, lunged it to her shoulder with a jerk and said:

"Drop them taters too quick."

Clate dropped them.

"Drop that pork."

Clate dropped it.

"Now you fellers git."

I had already got, but Clate, abashed and rebuked though he was, lingered until the shotgun was again pointed toward him and the woman said:

"Clear yourself! I'll learn how to walk into a body's house and help yourself to one's vittles. That bacon and them taters ain't to be bought for love nor money, let alone up by you men for nothing! Now you light out!"

We "lit out" hungry and crestfallen, and Clate has been dumb ever since on the subject of western hospitality.—Zenas Dame in *Debt Free Press*.

CIVILIZATION'S OPPOSITE POLES.

Extremes meet. While the tollers are in battle array for a bare living, the world which lives among, and by the trade in pure luxuries is enjoying the liveliest season ever known in America. All the picture exhibitions and sales thus far have done better than ever before in the history of the country. Collectors are now preparing to disburse at least \$2,000,000 at the auctions of the *Stewarts*, the *Graves*, the *Probusco* and other pictures. A dealer in antiques told me recently that at a recent sale of part of his stock he cleared over \$20,000 by the least valuable part of it and still has its real treasures on hand. Architects whom I know say that they never had so many orders for fine residences, nor at such prices; and the great decorating firms are busily embellishing our rich men's palaces as they never yet have been embellished.—*New York News*

Talk About "Soft Snaps."

Steve Brown, the big policeman who twirled a club along Madison street, was talking about soft snags the other night. "When I first came to town," he said, "I got a job breaking the ice around a big water main they were laying along Sixteenth street and under the river to the west side. It was a bitter cold winter and I suffered terribly. I kept the main clear of ice, however, and when spring came it found me still sitting around that old pipe. I expected my discharge every day, but as it did not come I began to realize the fact that I was in full possession of the snap. Very little ice formed around the main during the months of June, July and August, and I had plenty of time to go to horse races and base ball games. That snap ran along until October, and I never missed a week's pay in all that time. Talk about soft snags. There is one with a blue ribbon tied around it."—*Chicago Herald*

Intoxication Among Animals.

"The philosophers," says Housman, "that assert that monkeys that have never used intoxicating liquors to excess will not touch them again are more desirous of giving us a lesson in morals than holding to the exact truth. The majority of tame monkeys are fond of wine and spirits. They help themselves when they can. They enjoy getting drunk, and some of them become such sots that they refuse to reform in spite of the most severe punishment. Besides, their intoxication resembles precisely that of man; their legs are badly controlled, their tongue is thick and its movements uncertain."

Moreover, this identity of the effects of intoxication descends much lower in the animal kingdom. Donkeys have been seen dead drunk. Horses get drunk; and if, as a general thing, dogs refuse wine, some of them are addicted to the use of alcoholic beverages when well sweetened and sufficiently diluted.—Henry Howard in *The Cosmopolitan*.

His Fads Were Clocks and Shoes.

Speaking of eccentric characters, a gentleman the other day recalled the idiosyncrasies of the late Sylvester Bonaparte, who lived over what is now Madden's saloon. He died some years ago. He was a most eccentric but very methodical man. He was a devoted lover of horseflesh and always kept a fine team, in which he drove out every day for perhaps twenty years, never varying as to route or time. His action in taking his daily drive was as regular as a punctual train, and he arrived at particular points as punctual as though "on time" according to schedule. He invariably drove out Walnut street to Ninth, up Ninth to Ridge avenue, along Ridge avenue up Broad. He carried a clock to time himself and returned to the stable at 5 p.m. After his death 12 pairs of shoes were found in his room and thirty-one clocks.—*Philadelphia News*.

A TALK WITH VON MOLTKE.

His Opinion of Grant and Hancock—The Coming War.

Capt. Nalbro Frazer, one of the best known of the military men of Philadelphia, has returned from a two years' sojourn in Europe. While abroad he had a long personal interview with the great commander of the German army, Gen. Von Moltke. Being pressed to speak of the interview, he said:

"I called on then, Von Moltke at his place, just outside the gates at the end of the famous road called Under den Linden. It is a modest looking house enough, notwithstanding its high sounding name, and is not nearly so handsome as Mr. Childs' or Mr. Scott's. After I had sent up my card, the servant, coming back, inquired particularly why I wished to see Gen. Von Moltke. Because, said I, I have been a soldier, and now that Gen. Grant is dead I consider Gen. Von Moltke the greatest military man living. The servant retired, and in a moment returned. 'In that case,' said he, 'his excellency will be glad to see you.' I followed the servant up stairs and into a drawing room. As I stepped across the threshold I almost stumbled against the great general, who was standing by the door holding my card.

"Capt. Frazer? he inquired in excellent English, very slowly, but well pronounced.

"I am," I answered.

"And you are an American?"

"Yes."

"A soldier?"

"Yes."

"And you have served under Gen. Grant?"

"Yes."

"And under Gen. Hancock?"

"Yes."

"Then I am glad to see you. Sit you down."

"I took a seat by the window, and for three-quarters of an hour we had a chat. The general spoke in English altogether, and though he enunciated with the slowness of deliberation, he never wanted for words. He spoke a good deal of our war, though. I considered it remarkable that he mentioned no names of generals, but those of Grant and Hancock. He referred particularly to the battle of Gettysburg, and spoke of it as a great strategic contest. I asked him what his opinion was of Gen. Grant. 'Gen. Grant,' he replied, 'was a great general. He was one of the greatest that has ever lived.'

"And Gen. Hancock?"

"Gen. Hancock was a brave soldier."

"I thought perhaps that he would refer to some of the men on the Confederate side, but he did not. He did not talk much either about the German army in detail, and observed that caution in speaking of home military matters that seems characteristic of German officers generally. He said, however, these words: 'We have long been endeavoring to make the German army the best in Europe, and I am beginning to believe that we are succeeding.' We are endeavoring also to keep it in a state of constant preparation. He said no more that could be construed as bearing on the future at all, and did not once refer to France or French military."

"As I was leaving he shook me cordially by the hand."

"I will call again when in Berlin," I said.

"It will be useless," he replied, "unless you return very soon."

"Why?"

"Because I came in with the century, but I shall not see it go out. I am not for long!"—*Philadelphia Press*.

What the Nose Indicates.

Maj. Sophilus Schack, an officer in the Danish army, on the subject of physiognomical indication, to which his position as inspector of recruits has led him to devote a considerable share of attention. Maj. Schack agrees with Aristotle in putting his nose in noses. He can make a good guess at a man's constitution from the size and build of his nose, a large nose, for instance, almost invariably indicating superior chest capacity and power of lungs. It is a still more accurate index to mental qualities, for, belonging as it does at once to the most and least mobile portions of the face, it faithfully reflects the most fugitive movements of the mind. In the child the nose is the most insignificant and least developed portion of the physiognomy. It is not till the intellectual faculties come into play that the nasal organ acquires its characteristics. Savages have no noses worthy of the name. Maj. Schack's observation lead him to conclude that a small and round nose betokens cunning and fineness; a straight and thin nose, taste and delicacy; an aquiline nose, judgment, reason and egotism; while a shapeless and clumsy nose, usually protruding, almost always indicates intellectual dullness and want of savor fair.—*St. James' Gazette*.

A Cow on the Range.

Cattle are queer creatures, and it takes a great deal of experience to learn their ways. In chowing a range, a novice would be likely to prefer a level plain, where grass could grow in all places, but the old cattlemen would infinitely prefer a rolling country, if possible with high bluffs here and there. The reason of this is that snow is likely to cover the entire surface of a level plain, but is nearly certain to be blown from the tops and at least one side of hills, leaving the grass bare. A cow is not an animal of remarkable intellectual attainments, and will slavish when the ground is covered with snow an inch deep. It never ceases to occur to it that a few strokes of its hoof would uncover the grass. A horse or mule will do this, but it seems beyond a cow's reasoning powers. High bluffs give excellent shelter in storms, and prevent cattle from drifting. It used to be the opinion of cattlemen that the northwestern country was too cold for cattle, but experience has proved that a cow can live wherever a buffalo can, and any range formerly frequented by buffalo is a good one for cattle.—*Globe-Democrat*.

Mrs. Cleveland's Ways.

Mrs. Cleveland's tact has never been more quietly and yet successfully exerted than in her simple policy of refusing to close the doors on reception days when the advertised hour of closing arrives. The demands of business, delays of liveried men, lateness of railway trains, or a thousand and one other causes which make men swear in braggart style, prevent many people who are naturally curious to meet and know Mrs. Cleveland from reaching the White House doors in time, and those who have been thus delayed and, by her kindness, have yet been able to be presented, have grown quite ardent in their praise of her act. Strange as it may seem, they are not for number but for quality that they refuse to reform in spite of the most severe punishment. Besides, their intoxication resembles precisely that of man; their legs are badly controlled, their tongue is thick and its movements uncertain."

Moreover, this identity of the effects of intoxication descends much lower in the animal kingdom. Donkeys have been seen dead drunk. Horses get drunk; and if, as a general thing, dogs refuse wine, some of them are addicted to the use of alcoholic beverages when well sweetened and sufficiently diluted.—Henry Howard in *The Cosmopolitan*.

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CALLS FOR THE CASH.

SOME OF THE BIGGEST CHECKS EVER DRAWN IN AMERICA.

Commodore Vanderbilt's Check for a Million—Jay Gould Makes a Hit of Note Paper Worth \$2,400,000—A Check for \$1,000,000.

The framing of two checks and their appearance on the walls of President Depew's office in the Grand Central station has set people to talking and writing about the big checks that have been drawn in this country. One of these checks was for \$1,000,000 and it was drawn by Cornelius Vanderbilt. The other one, for \$6,000,000, was drawn by his son, William H. Vanderbilt, and many people thought the latter a check for as large an amount as was ever signed in this country. It does not require a very large piece of paper to get a good deal of money out of a bank, any more than it requires the ingenious chirography of a Spiller to make a greenback good. The awkward scroll, which no one would ever make out as Jay Gould, is just as good as on a sheet of note paper as if the check was beautifully engraved, then made out with black and red ink, counter-signed, punched and stamped.

THE OLD COMMODORE.

The New York Central checks, by the way, have on their face a handsomely engraved portrait on steel of the old Commodore, and they have taken many millions of money out of the Chemical National bank. The money that they could call for has also contributed largely to the handsome profits of a bank that, with only \$300,000 capital, has deposits of fifty times as much and pays its stockholders 100 per cent. per annum. Yet that is only a trifle over 3 per cent. per annum on the market value of the stock.

Probably Jay Gould has drawn more and larger checks than any other individual, except, perhaps, the treasurer of the United States or some of the sub-treasurers. Many remember the easy, off-hand manner in which he testified about drawing checks for subscription to the American Caledonia company—he could not remember whether it was for \$6,000,000 or \$10,000,000. Another of Mr. Gould's big checks was that which he drew in payment for Col. Scott's interest in the Texas and Pacific—his old stock and all the consolidated bonds which he held. The fate of the company was uncertain when Mr. Gould started for Philadelphia. The policies of the two men were radically different. Mr. Gould said that all he wanted to run a road was a general manager and a boy, and Col. Scott said that no road could be run in that way; true economy required a thorough organization and competent managers, as well as employees. On that they disagreed, and Col. Scott, broken down and tired, gave up the ambition of his life. He had already made James P. Scott assistant to the president of the Texas and Pacific, and he had hoped to leave him that part of a great through continental line working in close alliance with the Pennsylvania system. He found the battle too hot, and when he had come to terms with Mr. Gould took a sheet of plain notepaper and wrote upon it a check of the Fourth National bank of this city for a little more than \$2,000,000.

A CHECK FOR \$14,000,000.

The biggest check ever drawn in the United States was that given by John D. Taylor, now dead, but then treasurer of the Pennsylvania railroad, to Lee, Higgins & Co., of Boston, in payment for the Boston stock in the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore road. About \$10,000,000 of it was owned in Boston. Nathaniel Taylor was the largest stockholder, and he had agreed to deliver to Jay Gould enough to give him a controlling interest and enable him to bring the road into harmony with the Jersey Central, and then dispose of the two as thought best. But Mr. Thayer was in his old age, and he was unable to fulfill the contract. Enough was out to put the Pennsylvania people on their guard, and their representatives met the Boston bankers in this city and never adjourned until the papers were drawn up by which they agreed to deliver a majority of the stock in the road at 140 on the dollar, which was about 10 per cent. more than they had ever been able to sell it at, all the individual stockholders being allowed to come and sell their stock at that figure. They brought it to the Boston bankers, and on the 1st day of July the Boston party received Mr. Taylor's check on the National bank of Commerce of this city for \$14,250,440. This is believed to be the largest check ever drawn in this country.

That enormous sum of money was transferred from Philadelphia to Boston through New York without causing more than a ripple in the market, and yet if Treasurer Taylor had been less thoughtful or sagacious he could have caused a stringency in the money market which would have seriously affected all business. In the first place it would have been weeks in advance that such a transfer would be made and the rate of exchange was affected thereby. Three weeks before the time came Mr. Taylor sent round to the bankers and the brokers and asked them to send him any New York funds that they had, thus enabling them to save a day's interest, for he immediately gave them Philadelphia funds. The Boston bankers reversed the operation and the New York banks took all the Boston drafts that were offered. Thus was a sum of money almost as great as the total of the Alabama award transferred from New York from Philadelphia to Boston, and without touching the money market perceptibly.—*New York Mail and Express*.

ANXIETY OVER OLIVE OIL.

At a well known sanitarium, institution with which has been tried twenty years ago in cases of wasting disease. The results were so favorable that it has become a favorite prescription in various forms of disease, though in most cases cocoon oil is now preferred to olive oil.

In an article on this subject in the December "Laws of Life," the writer shows that inunction has been found to be more satisfactory in its effects when administered by a strong attendant who is skilled to rub, rapidly and thoroughly, the surface of the body. The oil is more quickly absorbed, and there seems to be some value in the mere rubbing.

The practice seems to be especially suited to cases in which the stomach and intestinal tract are unable to digest fatty food.

It has been practiced with good results in cases of consumption (tuberculosis), attended with great loss of flesh; inunction due to chronic inflammation of the digestive tract.

From two to six times a week the application can be made according to the patient's power of absorption.—*Youth's Companion*.

"SNIFFRAGE OF THE PLOW."

Anton Lord Tennyson's bitter reference to "the snuffle of the plow" in his latest poem, it is recalled that less than three years ago he made one of his rare appearances in the house of lords expressly to vote for the franchise bill, which gave Hodge the ballot.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

Latest Development of the Coal Strike.

Harlem Wife—How's the coal?

Harlem Husband—Haven't counted it yet today. There was one piece missing just right through.—